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BY PASTOR J. CLARK, M. A.

Perhaps you think some one else is wrong

Perhaps the sermon you like least is the

or harm than you think you are.

Perhaps your only religion is your decided lislike of some other religion.

Perhaps something you regard as perfectly true is totally false.

Perhaps while you are imagining that death is a long way off, it may be very close

at hand.
Be pure; for every sin indulged
The strength of machood saps;
Obey God's whisper, lest He speak
In awful thunder-claps;
His promise-words no drawbacks have,
His threatenings, no "perhaps."
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one you need the most

Books.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

· · · · WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1901.

Peter, 'ere, ain't given to looking on the about tattooing again, and Ginger said that Why you must be crazy Sam-wot's the

cheerful side o' things, but e' thinks so, too." every man in the country ought to be tat- matter with you?" "I do," ses Peter, "but is won't be man- tooed to prevent the small-pox. He got so "Ido," see Peter, "but it wont be man aged right if you go blabbing it to every aged right if you go blabbing it to every 'im that he should be tattooed that very old woman; that's wot we feel Ginger.

Beginning Again. When sometimes our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life— On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary,
With trisls and labor rife—
We pause on the tollsome journey,
Glancing backward in valley and glen.
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again. Ginger should 'av the fust offer."

For behind is the dew of the morning,
In all its freshness and light,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night.
We remember the sunny places,
We passed so carelessly then,
And ask with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.
Ah vain, indeed, is the asking!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who dare shrink from the labor,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And it may be, not far on before us
Wait fairer places than then—
Life's path may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin again. but the stupider they was the better old Sam liked 'em.

'Well, wot is it ?" asks Ginger, again. it; then 'e sat down on the bed and spoke so low that Ginger could hardly 'ear 'im. "A little public-ouse," he ses, "to say nothing of 'ouse property, and a red-aired cld landlady worse widder. As nice an old

or are you not ?"

walk into 'er arms afore she dies.

"Tattoo marks ?" ses Ginger.

les Robert Smith."

ain't got a mark on me."

"That's the strong p'int," ses Sam.

"Why don't you think afore you speak

Spile my skin with a lot o' beastly blue

He was that mad 'e wouldn't listen to

reason, and, as old Sam said, 'e couldn't

have made more fuss if they'd offered to

skin 'im alive, an' Peter Russet tried to

ers: same as a man 'ad been given two legs

was chucked away on Ginger, an' 'e wouldn't

They started on 'im agin next day, but all

Sam and Peter could say didn't move 'im,

although Sam spoke so feeling about the joy

of a pore widder woman getting 'er son back

They went down again to the pub that

talked it over between theirselves in whispers

And 'e didu't like it when they got to the

left 'im outside, peeping through the door. The landlady shook 'ands with them quite

girl, seemed to take a lot o' notice of Peter.

Ginger waited about outside for nearly a

talking and larfing, with Peter wearing a

white rose wot the barmaid 'ad given 'im.

Ginger Dick 'ad a good bit to say about

keeping 'im waiting all that time, but Sam

said that they'd been getting valuable infor-

Peter wished for to bid Ginger good-bye,

began to see things in a different light to wot

e' 'ad before, an' to be arf ashamed of 'is sel-

fishness, and 'e called Sam's pot a loving cup,

ill-feeling, although Sam kept on

friend o' Peter's named Charlie Bates.

marks! Not me, not if I know it. I'd like

"Wot!" screamed Ginger. "Tattoo me!

Wot's easier than to 'av 'em put on ?"

to see anybody try it, that all.

listen to 'em.

Ginger Dick sat up and looked at 'em with-

lady as any one would wish for, for a moth-Forevermore upward and onward
Be our paths on the hills of life,
And soon will a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toil and the strife,
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tendelly nyward then. "For a mether !" see Ginger, staring. "And a lovely barmaid with blue eyes and yellow 'air, wot would be the red-'edded man's cousin, ses Peter Russet.

Tenderly npward then;
In the joy and peace of a fairer world
He'll let us begin again. -Lilian Whiting. For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still, Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;

Poetry.

its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood
and hill. In those grey, withered days. Behind a mist the blear sun rose and set At night the moon would nestle in

Far in the smoky woods the birds were

ing old Sam out of the way began to dress, Save that from blackened trees a jay would and at last 'e turned round and asked Sam Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome whether he was drunk or mad. Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled it on we'll find somebody as will, that's all; The tree toad trilled his dream. there's no call to get huffy about it. You ain't the on'y red-'edded man in the world."

From day to day still hushed the season's The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and blood boil. And all the world, with ominous silence

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks
stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins, strains, While far and wide by withered woods and

Select Ziterature.

A Marked Man.

we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Tattooing, is a gift, said the night watchdent. In Flour Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of mam, firmly. It 'as to be a gift, as you can well see. A man 'as to know wot 'e is goin Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White to tattoo an' 'ow to do it; there's no rubbing Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian out or altering. It's a gift, an' it can't be learnt. I knew a man once as used to tattoo a cabin boy all over every v'y'ge trying to lears. 'E was a slow, painstaking sort o' man, and the langwidge those boys used to use while 'e was at work would 'ardly be believed, but 'e 'ad to give up trying arter about fifteen years and take to crochet-work

> proud o' their skins or sich-like, and for a good many years Ginger Dick, a man I've spoke to you of before, was one o' that sort. Like many red-'aired men 'e 'ad a very white skin, which e' was very proud of, but at last prove that a man's skin was made to be owing to a unfortnit idea o' making 'is fortin, tattooed on; or else there wouldn't be tattoo-

> It come about in this way: Him and old so as 'e could wear trousers. But reason Sam Small and Peter Russet 'ad been paid off from their ships and was 'aving a very appy, pleasant time ashore. They was careful men in a way, and they 'ad taken a room he rent for a month. It came cheaper than a lodging 'ouse, besides being a bit more private and respectable, a thing old Sam was al-

include a superior lot of Men's and
Women's Tan Bals, which I have
marked at the very lowest figure.

Men's Tan Bals, which I have
marked at the very lowest figure.

Perhaps the preacher needs your blessing
more than he deserves your blame. ways very partickler about. They 'ad been ashore about three weeks when one day Sam and Peter went off alone Perhaps your danger is greatest when you leem you are safest. becos Ginger said 'e wasn't going with 'em going to see wot it felt like to be in bed Perhaps present scrrow may prevent future without 'aving a fat old man groaning 'is 'eart out and another one knocking on the mantelpiece all night with twopence, and wanting to know why he wasn't being serv- and pointed out likely red-'aired men in the

> Ginger Dick fell into a quiet sleep after hey'd gone; then 'e woke up and 'ad a Blue Lion, and Sam and Peter went in and sip from the water jug-he'd 'a had more, only somebody 'ad dropped soap in it-and then dropped off again. It was late in the afternoon when 'e woke, and then e' see Sam and Peter Russet standing by the side

o' the bed lookin at 'im. "Where've you been?" ses Ginger, stretching hisself and yawning. "Bisness." ses Sam, sitting down an' look. ing very important. "While you've been aying on your back all day me an' Peter Russet 'as been doing a little 'ead-work."

"Oh!" ses Ginger. "Wot with?" Sam coughed and Peter began to whistle, an' Ginger 'e laid still and smiled up at the eiling, and began to feel good tempered "Well, wot's the business?" he see at last. drinks first, though, and arter a time Ginger

to drop on," ses Sam at last, "me and Peter, an' kep' on drinking out of it to show there and I think that with luck and management, was no

Sam looked at Peter, but Peter shook his

"We must 'ave another man in it, Peter," night, before he could pacify 'im. ginger coloured 'air. That being so, it's around each other's necks, but arter a time self."

They all went off 'ome with their arms "you please yourself, and I'll please my-only right and proper that our dear old sal only right and proper that our dear old pal Ginger found that Sam's neck wasn't there, was so disagreeable that Sam an' Peter went an' 'e stopped and spoke serious to Peter It wasn't often that Sam was so affeck- about it. Peter said 'e couldn't account for

shunate, and Ginger couldn't make it out at it, an' 'e had such a job to get Ginger 'ome Penguin, which was to sail the day arter all. Eyer since 'e'd known 'im the old man that e' thought they would never ha' got 'ad been full o' plans o' making money with there. He got 'im to bed at last an' then out earning it. Stupid plans they was, too, 'e sat down and fell asleep waiting for Sam. and Sam said when Ginger came to see Ginger was the last one to wake up in the morning, an' before 'e woke he kept making wot 'e'd said. And 'e said that him and Peta moaning an' noise. His 'ed felt as though Old Sam walked over to the door and shut it was going to bust, 'is tongue felt like a brick, and 'is chest was so sore he could 'ardly breathe. Then at last 'e opened 'is

> "Cheer up, Ginger," ses Sam, in a kind olce, "it's going on beautiful." "My 'ead's splittin' ses Ginger, with a groan, "an' I've got pins and needles all over

eyes and looked up and saw Sam an' Peter

and a little man with a black moustache.

"Needles," ses the man with the black entrance. Ginger stopped outside a minute moustache. "I never use pins; they'd pison or two to try and stop 'is trembling, and "Leok 'ere," see Ginger, "are you going the flesh." Ginger sat up in bed and stared at 'im; on the counter. to tell me in plain English wot it's all about, then e' bent 'is 'ead down and squinted at 'is the old lady as she came out o' the listle parlor at the back o' the bar.

chest, and next moment 'e was out of bed "We've been in a little pub down Bow way, me an' Peter," see Sam, "and we'll tell and all three of 'em was holding 'im down you more about it if you promise to join us on the floor to prevent 'im breaking the tat-an' go shares. It's kep' by a widder woman tooer's neck which 'e'd set 'is 'art upon whose on'y son-ren aired son-went to sea doing, and explaining to 'im that the tattootwenty three years ago, at the age o' four- er was at the top of 'is profession, and that ger Dick in 'is new blue jersey and cloth teen, an' was never 'eard of afterwards. it was only by a stroke of luck e' had get 'im. And Sam reminded 'im of wot 'e 'ad Seeing we was sailor-men, she told us all about it, an' 'ow she still 'opes for 'im to said the night before, and said he'd live to thank 'im for it.

"'Ow much is there done?" ses Ginger at "She dreamt a fortnit a go that 'e turned up safe and sound with red whiskers," ses last, in a desprit voice

sight of 'is wrist an' staring at it. "I sup "Sam told 'im, and Ginger lay still and pose you sailors like fine weather?' called the tattooer all the names he could out a word; then 'e got out o' bed, an' push- think of; which took 'im some time, bows on the counter so that the tattoo marks on both wrists was showing. "Fine weather "It's no good going on like that, Ginger," an' a fair wind suits us. ses Sam. "Your chest is quite spiled at present, but if you ony let'im finish it'll be a

perfect picter."
"I take pride in it," ges the tatteoer; "All right," ses Sam; "if you won't take working on your skin, mate, is like painting Ginger gave in at last, and told the man Ginger didn't answer 'im; he went on

to go on with the job and finish it, and 'e dressing, but every now and then 'e'd look even went so far as to do a little bit o' at Sam and give a little larf wot made Sam's tattooing 'imself on Sam when he wasn't "You've got nothin' to larf at Ginger," he see at last; "the landlady's boy 'ud be about needle broke off, and Sam made such a fuss the same age as wot you are now; 'e 'ad a scar that Ginger said anyone would ha' thought over the left eyebrow same as wot you've got it hurt 'im.

though I don't suppose 'e got it by fightin' It took three days to do Ginger altogether, a chap three times 'is size. 'E 'ad bright and he was that sore 'e could 'ardly move or blue eyes, a small, well-shaped nose, and a breathe, and all the time 'e was laying on 'is bed of pain Sam and Peter Russet was round "Same as you, Ginger," sea Peter, looking at the Blue Lion enjoying theirselves and picking up information, The second day Ginger coughed and looked thoughtful.

"I sounds all right, mates," 'e see at last, "but I don't see 'ow we're to go to work. I people in different ways, and ginger said the way it affected that chap was to make him don't want to get locked up for deceiving." "You can't get locked up," see Sam; "If think 'e was sewing buttons on instead o'

you let'er discover you and claim you, 'ow tattooing. can you get locked for it? We shall go in 'Owever 'Owever 'e was done at last; his chest and 'is arms and 'is shoulders, and he nearly an' see her agin, and larn all there is to larn, broke down when Sam borrowed a bit o' especially about the tattoo marks, and then looking glass and let 'im see hisself. Then 'is skin soft agin, and some more stuff to boy 'ad a sallor dancing a 'ornpipe on 'is make the marks look a bit olu.

left wrist, an a couple o' dolphine on his Sam wanted to draw up an agreement, but right. On 'is chest 'e 'ad a full rigged ship, Ginger Dick and Peter Russet wouldn't and on 'is back between his shoulder blades 'ear of it. They both said that that sort o' was the letters of 'is name-C. R. S. : Charthing wouldn't look well in writing, not if anybody else happened to see it, that is; "Well, you silly old fool," see Ginger, besides which, Ginger said it was impossible starting up in temper, "that spiles it all. I for 'im to say 'ow much money he would 'av the handling of. Once the tattooing was Old Sam smiles at 'im and pats 'im on the done e' began to take kindly to the plan, an' shoulder. "That's where you show your being an orfin, so far as he knew, he almost lack of intelleck, Ginger," he ses, kindly, began to persuade hisself that the red-'aired

landlady was 'is mother. They'd a little call over in their room to see 'ow Ginger was to do it, and to discover the weak p'ints. Sam worked up a squeaky voice, and pretended to be the landlady, an Peter pretended to be the good-looking bar-

They went all through it over and over again, the only unpleasantness being caused by Peter Russet letting off a screech every time Ginger alluded to 'is chest wot set 'is teeth on edge, and old Sam as the landlady offering Ginger pots o' beer which made 'is

"We shall go round to-morrow for the last time ses Sam, "as we told 'er we're sailing the day arter. Of course me an' Peter, 'aving made your fortin, drop out altogether, but I dessay we shall look in agin in about six months' time, and then perhaps the land lady will introduce us to you.'

agin arter all these years that 'e nearly cried. "Meantime," ses Peter Russet, "you mustn't forget that you've got to send us evening, and Ginger, who said 'e was curious Post Office money-orders every week.' to see, wanted to go, too. Sam, who still Ginger said 'e wouldn't forget, and they 'ad 'opes of 'im, wouldn't 'ear of it, but at shook 'ands all round and 'ad a drink tolast it was arranged that 'e wasn't to go ingether, and the next afternoon Sam and Petside, but should take a peep through the er went to the Blue Lion for a last visit. door. They got on a tram at Aldgate, and It was quite early when they came back Ginger did't like it becos Sam and Peter

Ginger was suprised to see 'em, and he said so, but 'e was more surprised when 'e heard

doing wrong," Sam ses, settin down with a Come over us like a chill, it did," ses Petfriendly, and the barmaid, a fine looking

"Doing wrong?" ses Ginger Dick, staring. "Wot are you talking about? "Something the landlady said showed us couple of hours, and at last they came out, as we was doin' wrong," ses old Sam, very solemn; "it come over us in a flash."

"Like lightning," says Peter.
"All of a sudden we see wot a cruel, 'ard thing it was to go and try to deceive a poor widder woman," ses Sam in a 'uaky voice mation, an' the more e' could see of it the easier the job appears to be, an' then him an'

Ginger Dick looks at 'em, 'ard 'e did, and then 'e ses, jeering like:while they went and 'unted up a red-'aired "I 'spose you don't wan't any Post Office They all went in somewhere and 'ad a few money-orders sent you then?" he ses. "No," says Sam and Peter, both together,

"Yov may have 'em all," ses Sam ; "bu if you'll be ruled by us, Ginger, you'll give it up, same as wot we 'ave-you'll sleep the sweeter for it." "Give it up!" shouts Ginger, dancin' up an'

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

Ginger didn't answer 'er a word, he couldn't. 'E went on going backwards un fell through it into the street, and tried to

NO. 23

"Well, I don't feel like it," see Ginger

and signed on board a steamer called the

er never wanted to look on 'is face agin.

and at last, unable to wait any longer,

self up, and went off to the Blue Lion.

went out and 'ad a shave and smartened his-

there, and the little public ouse was empty

except for two old men in the jug and-bottle

then 'e walks into the private bar and rap

and the other on the counter, looking at Gin

the sailor-boy dancing the horn-pipe.

blue-eyed barmaid-

Ginger, avoiding the barmaid's eye wot was

fixed on 'is wrists, "and I've been shipwreck-

"Pore thing," ses the landlady, shaking 'er

'ead. "I can feel for you; my boy went to

the bar maid; "don't you know weather you

I was wrecked the first time I was in a open

boat for three weeks, and, wot with the ex-

posure and 'ardly any food, I got brain fever

"I might as well be a orfin," ses Ginger,

fancy it's my mother's, but I can't remember

got the same coloured 'air, and wot's extra-

ordinary, you've got the same tattoe marks

on your wrists. Sailor-boy dancing on one

and a couple of dolphins on the other. And

'Good 'evins," ses Ginger Dick starting

"I s'pose there common among seafaring

men?" ses the landlady, going off to attend to

a bit more excited, but 'e ordered another

glass o' bitter from the barmaid, and tried

to think 'ow he was to bring out about the

ship on 'is chest and the letters on 'is back.

The landlady served a couple o' men, and

by and by she came back and began talking

boy is a sailor; and another thing is, they've

or twice before, and one of them was that

"Pore thing," ses the landlady agin.

an' lost my memory."

same as yours."

remember something.

at something I told him."

and staggering back.

"It ain't fair play agin a woman," says Then 'e remembered Sam and Peter, and when 'e thought of them safe and sound aboard the Penguin he nearly broke down alogether, as 'e thought how lonesome he was. All'e wanted was 'is arms round both 'E went off in a huff, an' next morning 'e they 'ad 'im tattooed.

In Man's Judgment.

"What should I say makes girls attrac-Ginger Dick gave Peter a nasty black eye. tive?" said a society man to whom the abo query was put. "Well, that is a very hard question to answer. Different men (for take it by asking me you wish to know what makes a girl attractive to a man) like differ Ginger Dick was a bit lonesome arter ent attributes. You probably mean generthey'd gone, but 'e thought it better to let ally attractive-what you might call a popufew days go by afore 'e went and adopted the red-'aired landlady. He waited a week,

"Well, I should say one of the most im portant traits is the power of making another feel that—for the moment, at least—his pessonality and what he says are of pars It was about three o'clock when 'e got interest. Many young women let their eyes wander while you are talking to them, as if they were looking for other men. This is eertainly not complimentary. Still, even absentmindedness is not much worse than a too great intensity of expression, which is apt to bore one. One feels any affectation of interest instinctively. Interest must be "A pleasing voice and sympathetic laugh are also great adjuncts. I know several stood with one 'and holding the heer-pull

pleasure to talk with them for no other cap.
"Lovely weather ma'am," see Ginger, put-"It is the general opinion that beauty attracts a man more than any other quality. ing his left arm on the counter and showing This is by no means the case; in fact, as rule the beauties do not have half so good a time as pretty women who are less self-con-

who completely lack charm. 'Yes ma'am," ses Ginger, putting his el-"There is one thing about a woman's per sonal appearance that appeals particularly to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and that is neatness and smartness. Women, as "It's a 'ard life, the sea," see the old lady. a rule, do not realize this. In their efforts She kept wiping down the counter in front to look pretty and have their belongings beof 'im over an' over agin, an' 'e could see 'er coming, they often completely overlook tidistaring at 'is wrists as tho'gh she could 'ardly ness, and so spoil everything. A neat, shinbelieve her eyes. Then she went back into the parlor, and Ginger 'eard her whispering, while becomingness is with him quite a secand by and by she came out agin with the sisters look in the glass, arrange their crimp "Have you been at sea long?" ses the old with the greatest care, and quite overlook "Over twenty-three years, ma'am," ses ing trig and tidy-two great essentials, to

ed four times; the fust time when I was a men look below the surface more than women suppose. A man's instinct seeks in the oman he cares for something better than sea at that age, and I've never seen 'im but feels it all the same. The qualities I himself. He may not say much about it,

"I'm sorry to 'ear it ma'am," see Ginger, very respectful like. "I suppose I've lost my mother, so I can feel for you."

Vienna, Aug. 22.—Prof. Edward Suess,

the eminent publicist and paleontologist,
"No," ses Ginger Dick very sad. "When has given an interview respecting the indus-United States that attracts much attention, economists. The professor, surveying ina political philosopher, says that while the kind, andsome face bending over me, and French revolution was occasioned by the name, or my name, or anything about situation has been caused by a revolution of sentiment should be replaced by a moveses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead; "you've ment for the common defence of the central markets more surely than they could by 'e 'ad a little scar on 'is eyebrow, much the trade has reached an unparalleled figure. Is units of Central Europe were strong enough back and looking as though 'e was trying to to make an effective defence, taking into ac count the physical conditions. The present

shifting of the centre of gravity of the world Russia, and America. When China was Ginger Dick would ha' liked to ha' see 'es equipped with railroads the people would find that she had the most capable m and the cheapest labor. Russia would have state. European capital would flow to the United States and would be an importan increase of her economic prosperity. Of the three, the United states had decidedly "I like sailors," she ses; "one thing is, my the lead. Its policy was commercial aggree sion beyond doubt, and states like the Amergot such feelin''earts. There was two of 'em ican Union and Russia had gained far more n 'ere the other day, who'd been in 'ere once in the way of mobilization of their powers from the construction of railroads than such kind 'earted I thought he would ha' 'ad a fit countries as Germany and France.

"Ho," ses Ginger, pricking up his ears. "I was just talking to 'im about my boy, is much enhanced if all callous pieces on the ame as I might be to you," ses the old lady, feet are made perfecsly smooth. This can "and I was just telling 'im about the poor condition by using a fine pumice stone every "Losing 'is wot?" ses Ginger, turning pale morning after the bath. The pumice stone should of course be wet, and if rubbed daily "Finger," ses the landlady. "'E was over the points on the feet that have hard only ten years old at the time, and I'd sent ened or shown tendency to harden, the places can be made and kept smooth. Afted a corn has been removed, too, a light rub bing daily of the place where it has bers will often prevent its return.

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—The English sparrow isn't in such bad repute in Boston as he used to. It has been discovered that he will eat the brown tailed moth, and those suburbanitos who have been victims of that pest recently only regret that there aren't more of the little Cockney birds than those already are.

life's experiences as "losses" is because we fall to take account of the gains of which these socalled losses were the price, and which we neve

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